

Spring 6-1-2015

Transmissions From Existence: Day 54

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Recommended Citation

Wohlford, Melissa (2015) "Transmissions From Existence: Day 54," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 37: No. 2, Article 38.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol37/iss2/38>

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MELISSA WOHLFORD

transmissions from existence: day 54

I saw galaxies kiss
as gentle as evening fog
hovering around the petals
of an unsuspecting flower –
I thought this was life.

Their stars like golden swirls
caught in a vortex
planets dancing
small orbs of wondrous crystals,
two galaxies gliding
like whispering flames
and from my vessel
I deteriorate like snow flakes,
breath by breath.

My home once bathed by sun
now battered with battleships
as if meteors tore them apart
and not the silver of bullets.



My memories dripping tears
and the frailties of humanity
are all given to dust
I try to make these
reminiscences gleam
but I'm a painted reality,
a smear of human existence.

I saw galaxies kiss
then embrace with such vigorous force
their bodies clashing together
exploding with the sheer bliss
of meeting one another
and they destroy themselves
with hugs and tears
toiling in curls of light
fireworks for the gods
falling into the black hole of time –
I am silenced, forever.